

Our Pasts

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Category: Gallagher Girls

Genre: Hurt-Comfort, Romance

Language: English

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2016-04-11 22:39:19

Updated: 2016-04-14 18:48:33

Packaged: 2016-04-27 19:39:45

Rating: T

Chapters: 2

Words: 2,342

Publisher: [www.fanfiction.net](http://www.fanfiction.net)

Summary: Cammie has had the worst past but her Mum wants them to start fresh. How can Cammie start fresh when old shadows come back to haunt her. Can a certain green eyed boy help her or make it worse? (Not sure what i'm doing with this)

## 1. Chapter 1

**\*\*OUR PASTS\*\***

**\*\*Hey,\*\***

**\*\*I'm not too sure what I'm going to do with this story but we'll have to wait and see!\*\***

**\* \* \***

><p>Cammie's POV:<p>

"No! No! No! No! No! Please don't! Please AGHHHHH!" I screamed out in pain as she plunged the knife into my left thigh. "Tell me what you know!" She shouted right into my face as she yanked the knife out of my leg. "AGHHHH" I yelled out in pain. She put the knife on the tray on the table and she hovered her leather gloved hand over her instruments of torture. Her hand stopped over an injection filled with purple liquid. She picked it up and stalked towards me. She lunged towards me and jabbed the injection into my neck. At first I thought it was something that would put me to sleep but I know not to suspect the obvious. Then did I realise it was something that causes the biggest migraine in the world. "AGHHH! Make it stop!" I screamed as it grew worse. I slammed my eyes shut at the pain. "This injection stops the pain, but tell me what I want to know." She said getting annoyed by the minuet. When I opened my eyes she was holding a green filled injection. "NEVER!" I screamed. She put the green filled injection down and picked up a dagger and plunged it into my right hand. "AGHHHH"

"AGHHHH!" I shot up, panting frantically. I could feel my hair sticking to the back of my neck from the sweat. I put my hand on my forehead to reassure myself I wasn't in that place anymore. I slowly eased myself down returning my head back to my pillow. "It was just a bad dream, you're okay, your safe now, your alive" I whispered to myself. As my breath began to slow down I looked to my left where my bedside table was. My alarm clock read 12:04 I internally groaned. Only 9 hours and 26 minutes till I start my first day at my new school. 'Yay!' (Note the sarcasm). My Mum wanted a fresh start away from our old house because it reminded her of Dad. I don't blame her, it reminded me of Dad as well but I don't get drunk every time I miss him. He went MIA 3 years ago. He worked for the CIA and he taught me everything he knew. My Dad was one of the best, he was legendary and he died, just like that. Technically he's not dead because they never found his body but my Mum says I'm kidding myself if I have hope. Ever since she died she's been drinking, a lot. And sometimes when she's completely drunk she gets violent. It's not bad I've been through worse. But the worse thing she's done is push me down the stairs and I broke my wrist. So she decided that we should start fresh aka move out. And since then she's not been drinking because she's had her mind on other things. I used to be more fun until my Dad died but I still tried to be the same Cammie. It worked for a while until last summer. The Circle of Caven kidnapped me for three weeks. They tortured, played horrible mind games and they linked me up to different machines all causing excruciating pain. The Circle of Caven kidnapped my Dad and supposedly killed him. They were trying to get information out of me about a list of names. I had no idea what they were talking about but they were convinced I knew. No one missed me when I was gone because they thought I was at summer camp (Only normal people go to summer camp). Ever since then I've changed and I can never be changed back. I rolled onto my back at stared into nothingness hoping for sleep. But every time I fall asleep I have flash backs of what happened. So I don't want sleep, but I'm so tired. Before know it I'm asleep.

"BRINGGGGG! BRINGGGGGG!"

"Ugh" I groan as I roll over to shut my stupid alarm off. My alarm read 6:30 'woohoo! School' I think to myself as I starch and stand up. I walk over to my vanity and pick up my wash bag and head to the bathroom to shower.

After a hot shower I pick out my high wasted black jeans, white belly top, back zip up jumper and my trustee timberland's. I choose this outfit because you can't see my scars or my tattoo (it says 'Chameleon' my code name). I brushed/dried my hair then applied light make up. I brushed my teeth then grabbed my rucksack and went downstairs. I saw my Mum sat at the kitchen table reading the newspaper. She never reads the paper. This must be one of her little changes to make us 'normal'. I approached her slowly in case she's in one of her moods. "Um, hey Mum." Is all I manage to get out as I grab an apple out of the fruit basket and kiss my Mum goodbye. Wait when did we get a fruit basket? Never mind. And I head out the door. I can walk to school because I trained to run 10 miles and act like its nothing, so I'm pretty sure I can do this.

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><p><strong>That took me longer than I thought and it's not even good. Let me know what you think!<strong>

**\*\*Sky xx\*\***

## 2. Chapter 2

**\*\*OUR PASTS\*\***

**\*\*Heyo,\*\***

**\*\*I'm going to be updating when I can and I hope you enjoy this chapter!\*\***

**\* \* \***

**><p>Cammies POV<p>**

I arrived at the school and in front of me was exactly what I was expecting. The typical high school. My internal clock read 8:20, okay 10 minutes till lessons started. I made my way to the front doors and I past the nerds, geeks (there's a difference), sluts/cheerleaders, jocks, goths/emos, druggies, the socially awkward. Basically the normal groups. But there was a group I couldn't name, it was like a mixture of all of them put together. I didn't have that at my old school. I could hear a few whispers, a few 'dibs' or 'damn' being thrown around and someone even wolf whistled. 'God, I'm nothing special, calm down.' I thought to myself. I looked over to that mixed group to find them all staring at me. I scanned their little group. Small blonde girl, tanned goddess, rich girl, nerdy boy, tanned guy and-. My breath hitched. Those eyes are too familiar. I need to get out of here before I have a panic attack. So I bow my head down and speed walk to the front doors. Those green forest eyes filled with hate belonged to Catherine. The lady who tortured me. I only got her last name because I heard a guard outside my cell say it. I snap back into reality and when I look up I'm at reception. I get my schedule and locker number and go to find my locker. After 2 minutes and 37 seconds I find my locker. And sort my stuff out, I've decided not to decorate my locker because I don't want people knowing much about me. "BRINGGGGGG!" The bell goes and I'm officially late for my first class. Oh well. My first class is AP Maths, I turn my timetable around and see a map of the school. Nice. After 1 minuet and 46 seconds I'm in front of the door to my classroom. I enter the classroom not bothering to knock and I'm met with 24 eyes on me (including the teacher's). 'Oh no everyone is looking at me ah!' my mind is silently screaming. "Ah! Ms Morgan so nice of you to join us! Please take a seat next to Ms Sutton!" the teacher exclaims way too energetic for this time in the morning. I follow where his gaze is and see a seat in the second to back row next to the window. I look to who Ms Sutton is and it's the small blonde girl from this morning. I go over and sit down wishing for everyone to stop staring! "Hi, I'm Liz short for Elizabeth." Liz says with a friendly smile. I return the smile and say "Hey I'm Cammie short for Cameron." The class has gone back to listen the teacher. Phew! Liz is going on about what the teacher said before I came in. I'm listening to her, I promise I just don't care. I can feel a pair of eyes on me so I scan the classroom. When I find wo it is I snap my head round to the teacher. Green eyes. I look out the window pretending to be interested in a tree outside but I'm really looking at the classes reflection to see if green eyes is still looking. Yep definitely staring! I take this chance to get a proper look at him, he's more muscular than your average jock,

tanned, shaggy brown hair that is messed up in all the right places, a cocky smirk plastered on his face, he's wearing a white top that makes his muscles look good and black jeans. Basically he's hot. I turned my attention back to the class and realised we had work to be doing so I quickly found the page in the text be and did the work. A few questions in I snuck a quick glance at green eyes. Thank god! He's no longer staring and he's doing the work.

\* \* \*

><p>I was in second lesson now (history) and I met this girl called Bex (her real name is Rebecca but when she told me she made it pretty clear she doesn't like that name). I remember her as the tanned goddess. And she was telling me what's what here and who to stay away from and that stuff. I was actually really interested because I thought it might be handy if fi want to survive here. I noticed green eyes was in this lesson and he was sat on the other side of Bex which panicked me. But I'm a spy so I didn't show it.<p>

Finally, the bell went off and Bex told me that I should hang round with her friends. I said yeah because it's not like I'll be ditching anyone. So I followed her through the busy corridors and outside to a big tree with some people sat underneath it. "Common!" She said whilst pointing to the tree. She grabbed my wrist and pulled me to the top of the hill. Damn she's got a strong grip even for me! Once we were at the top of the hill she dropped my wrist and announced "Everybody this is Cammie" then she turned to me and said "Cammie, this is everybody" she seemed a bit too excited for me to meet everybody. I scanned the group of teenagers and realised that this was the mixture group. I saw Liz sat next to the nerdy boy and when she saw me look at her she ran up to me dragging the nerdy boy behind her. "Hey Cammie! This is Jonas!" she pointed to the nerdy boy. "Hey" I said and gave him a small wave. I turned around to see Bex with the rich girl. I looked back at Liz and Jonas to see them talking nerd language so I go over to Bex. When I get reach them they're talking about a new twilight movie or something like that. Bex turns to me and says "Cammie this is Macie." Macie isn't as hyper as Bex and Liz. She looks at me with a bored expression and says "I like your shoes." I'm shocked/flattered but I hide the emotion quickly. "Oh, thanks" I reply looking down at them. I feel like she doesn't say that to a lot of people so I don't think I'll get it again. They go back to talking about hot celebrities and I zone out. Before I know it arms are around me picking me up. My instincts kick in and I elbow my attacker in the face then put my lag out behind him so he falls and I pin him down. When I get to realise who is underneath me I'm speechless. Which isn't good if you're a spy. "Grant?" I ask confused to see my cousin under me. I thought he moved to London? "Camster!" He exclaims bringing back my old nickname with all these memories as well but I can't stand to think about my Dad right now. My guard is down so I don't realise when he switches our places around so he's on top. "You've gotten better at this, but not as good as me!" he boasts as he gets off me and offers a hand I take and realise that the whole group is around us watching me. "What are you doing here Grant? I thought you moved to London?" I ask with a confused look on my face. "I did, but I'm back now" he replies. "I see you've met everybody" he says looking around the group. I follow his gaze and realise there's another person here. "She hasn't met me" that person says and steps out the shadows. "Hi, I'm Zach."

\* \* \*

><p><strong>I ate candy floss while making this. Hehe! I'm not sure what I think about this one and I didn't know if I was going to make Cammie and Grant related or not but I did it anyway. Let me know what you think.<strong>

**\*\*Sky xx\*\***

End  
file.